

# THALIA TRIUMPHANS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE

Lord COBHAM,
ON HIS
HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A

Congratulatory POEM.

Non fragrat nisi flagrat Amor.

By E. SETTLE.

LONDON,

Primed in the Year, MDCCXV.



(3)

# Thalia Triumphans.

Hen the Great FOUNDER this vast Pilebegan, And ended with his fixth Day's Labour, MAN, His Greatest Work the Last; stampt in his own Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Universal Throne: Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole wide Round All built for Him, all to his Service bound, These humbler Glories in the Front appear, Whilft MAN, trueSOVER AIGN-like, brought up the Reer. This Fav'rite Head what tho' so high enstall'd? Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Bleffings call'd: To make this Lordly Creature Greater still, Ev'n th' highest Grasp of his Ambition fill, His LIFE's Best HALF, sole Partner of his Joys, SOUL of his SOUL, he form'd the BEAUTEOUS EYES. With this fair Mate of Empire, given to joyn His Soveraignty, and moulded all Divine, Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again, Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This



### Thalia Triumphans.

This Lovely Form, the Master-Work of Heav'n, Wisely to Man's embracing Arms was given; All that could make a Universe so fair Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it self a Care.

When th' Happy BRIDEGROOM thus takes to his Arms. Honour, Wit, Beauty, Youth, Lord of fuch Charms; Why do we wish him Joy! Methinks to pay That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away: 'Tis wishing Treasure to an Indian Mine; Or Glory to the Sun's Meridian Shine.

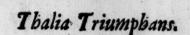
Compar'd to LOVE's Rich Chace, why all that Toil For Mines of Gold, both th' East and Western Spoil? Let ev'n COLUMBUS, his proud Sails unsured, Plume in the Glory of a new-found World; All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compared to thine: 'Tis thy discover'd Treasures truly shine.

Thou, Happier Voyager, without a Boast, Dost only lead to the true Golden Coast.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins
Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd SOVERAIGNS

In





In all the Pride of Life, and Pomp of Pow'r,

Can up to Half LOVE's heightend Raptures tour.

Ev'n the proud MACEDON's Young AMMON dreft

With the Rich Spoils of his whole Conquer'd East,

What tho' he drove o're his own Vassal Globe,

Deckt in Pow'rs Haughtiest Majestick Robe,

Of all that Glories vainer Plumes posselt,

Still far beneath the BRIDEGROOM's brighter Crest;

So much LOVE's Coronation Chaplet breathes

More fragrant Odours than Imperial Wreaths:

So much his Lighter Joys and Spritelier Gems

Out-shine the duller Load of Diadems,

LOVE from his Richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down.

On all the poorer Brows that sweat beneath a Crown.

Whilst LOVE then does to all this Feast invite,
To Bliss so Ravishing, Joys so Exquisite;
What can the Duteous Muses less then joyn
Their liveliest Airs t'affist these Rites Divine:
A Theme enough, in it's whole bright Array,
To bless the Morn and Consecrate the Day,

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What



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#### Thalia Triumphans.

What Songs can Hymen want? His Rites to cheer, Whole Constellations of the Great and Fair, With their best Vows, the Blessing and the Prayer, All meet to fee the Sacred Gordian tyed, And with bent Knees Salute the Beauteous BRIDE; Whilst one joyn'd Smile does in all Eyes appear: Envy it felf is an Adorer here. Thus whilst to this Day's Joys the Muse dares soar, Let her not Boast her duteous Tribute more Then what whole Hundred Knees have paid before. Led by those Hundreds Her best Airs are all But Copies from that loud Original: Whilft t'hail the Bridal PAIR, all, all around Her fainter Airs in shriller Ecchoes dround, What clangors wake the Morn, and Tubes of Triumph) No Songs too high, nor Joys too great, to pay The Rites to LOVE's Inauguration Day. When warbling Throats falute the Love-crown'd Pair, Th' Harmonious Train pay nat'ral Homage there. Love is it felf but MUSICK more refin'd, Two well tun'd Hearts in one soft Consort joyn'd.

Thou

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#### Thalia Triumphans.

Thou then the envy'd Lord of all those Charms,
The beauteous HALSET in her COBHAMs Arms,
Claim thy Fair Prize; thy Nuptial Bed t'adorn,
A BRIDE, to Beauty's double Portion born:
By Heav'n, and her kind Parents deckt so Fair,
Their Own, and Rival Nature's equal Care;
Nature t'enrich the Casket, They the Gem;
Her EYES and MIND so match'd, each radiant Beam,
And early GRACE to her Young Breast instill'd,
Worthy the Lovely Angel Mould they fill'd.

And now, my LORD, from all your Martial Toyls, From War's rough Frowns call'd to Love's softer Smiles, Your bloody Banner surl, and this blest Day, Let nought but Capid's gentler Streamers play.

And though thus stopt from Your Heroick Race, Let Love no less Your Brows with Laurels grace.

Yes, Happy Sir, melt a long Life away,

A Life, but one continued Nuptial Day:

Th' inviolable Knot so strongly tye,

The Hymenzal Honour rais'd so High;

Till



## Thalia Triumphans.

Till to behold in LOVE such Leading Light,

Ev'n the blind Boy no longer veil'd in Night,

Shall find his Eyes, and dazle at the Sight.

Nay, till with this Rich BRIDGROOM's Blessings charm'd,

All Hearts to VIRTUE even by Envy warm'd,

To copy such a Precedent Divine,

Shall Love like COBHAM and like COBHAM Shine.

Nay, to be Happier still, live, Sir, to see
Ev'n Your own sounded Immortality;
Not only of Love's Richest JOYS possest,
But with the FRUIT of Love as Richly Blest.
Yes, live to see Your Fruitful Table spread
With those sweet Pledges of the Genial Bed;
Those Lovely Ministures to fill your Arms,
Heirs to a FATHER's Honour, MOTHER's Charms;
Copies that shall the Original renew,
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

FINIS.